

A N E L E G Y

On that Famous SEA-COMMANDER

Michael De Ruyter,

Lieutenant Admiral of the United Netherlands, &c.

Who lately Died of his Wounds, Received in the Engagement between the Dutch
and French Fleets near SICILY.

Praise is a Tribute each true Poet owes,
To Worth and Valour where so ere it grows.
Mountains and Seas may bound the Rule of Kings,
But our Free Muse, with unconfined wings
Flies over both, those that Allegiance yield
To different States, are all her Subjects stil'd.
And though a Soul breaths not within our Isle,
That can more dearly Love its Native soil.
Yet when I look abroad, where ere I Ken,
The Good and Brave, they are my Countrymen.

And shall De Ruyter Limp into a Grave
Without a Mourning Verse? No Poem have
T' Embalm his Fame, and let next Ages know,
How much they to his Great Example owe?
T' were Moral Sacrilege, Nor can it be,
His generous Acts command an Elegy;
Say but De Ruyter's Dead, The news transforms
Neptunes calm Face into a thousand Storms;
The sighing Winds his rigid Fate deplore,
And murmur his Lov'd Name to every shore,
which soon as heard, Seamen (though Enemies)
Cannot restrain the Torrents of their Eyes;
Even those that never wept before, strike Sail
To grief, and now the mighty Loss bewail;
His Loss! whose able Parts had many a year,
Been the Best Card by which Sailors could Steer;
Who solely by his ample Merits call,
Attain'd the Honour of an Admiral.
Who had so often Thetis bosom lain,
So long been us'd to Trace the Pathless Main;
That Sea-nymphs welcom'd him where ere he came,
And every Dolphin knew him by his Name;
His Services were numerously Great,
The Second Atlas of a mighty State;
Prudent in Councils, and yet bold in War,
To meet those dangers he fore saw a far:
A well-poiz'd Valour, that would never shrink,
Neither beholden unto Oaths nor Drink;
who in the height of Fight, and depth of slaughter
(when all the world seem'd only Fire and Water:
And with a horrid Prospect gaping lay,
As if the Deluge, and the Latter day

Had met, and mingled Forces to devour
The watry Warriours in one bloody hour)
Could fearless stand, and calm commands dispence
With present mind, and undisturbed sense:
His Conduct for his courage did not cease,
But with the Fury of the Fight Increase.
What pity tis those Valiant Hero's, who
Can do such Acts, are not Immortal too }
To live as his Eternal Fame must do. }
Must do! whilst there shall last what men call days
Or Air to mould one syllable of Praise.
So many fierce Engagements he had felt,
Regarding Broadfides but as Pot-Gun Pelts.
We thought him woundless, till death made him
Achilles like, by nibbling at his Heel; (Reel
But as the Sun most glorious does appear,
And darts the brightest raies when's settings near.
So his last Scene of Life contracted all,
That we can great, or brave, and wondrous call.
For in his Countries Cause, he nobly Fell, }
whilst Peals of Cannon Rung his Parting Bell }
And Victory attended on his Knell. }
Thus Dy'd he as much Honour'd as he Liv'd,
For whom the Neiberlands are all so griev'd.
That they vie Lamentations without Pause,
In a Vast Grief, next nothing but its Cause;
A Grief! whose Sighs commanded by their love
Might line with Sables all the Orbs above.
And People Mourn so fast, That Holland fears'
A Second Inundation from their Tears.

The E P I T A P H.

The Great De Ruyter bred in Neptunes Court,
Through many Storms has here attain'd his Port.
A Grave-Stone is too small to hold his worth,
Posterity (if Just) must set it forth
what his Deeds were, and Conduct who not knows
Our Verse, Refers him to the Belgick Presse.
which like Fame, flutters round this Tomb, & says
They'l diet all their Children with his Praise.

F I N I S.

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